The Sketch

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BEAUTIFUL LADY OF LEBANON.

MME. CHAMOUN *is the wife of the first Lebanese Minister to represent his country at the Court of St. James', H.E. M. Camille Chamoun, a leading lawyer of the Lebanon and formerly Minister of Finance and of the Interior. She speaks English, French and Arabic, is political-minded and played a leading part in the emancipation of women in her country. The dispute which broke out between the French and the Syrians and the Lebanese in regard to the withdrawal of troops was settled by the Franco-British agreement of December last, and the evacuation of the Lebanon is now being speeded up by a new pact, to the great satisfaction of the Lebanese Government.*

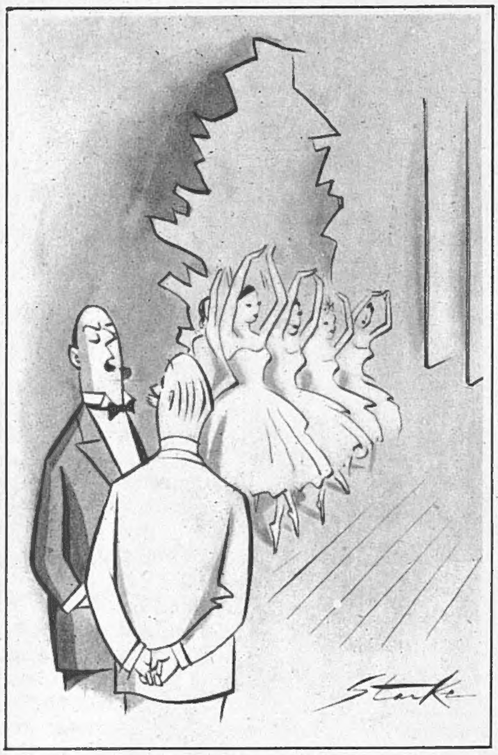
PHOTOGRAPH BY PEARL FREEMAN.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Bad Language.

Chew on this : " An arrangement for the giving of security, or further or other security, for the repayment of any sum borrowed before the arrangement is made, being a sum which is already due when the arrangement is made or which is payable not later than six months, or such longer or shorter period as may be prescribed by order of the Treasury, after the arrangement is made, shall be deemed for the purpose of the two last preceding subsections to be an arrangement by which that sum is payable at a later date than it would otherwise have been payable." Pretty, isn't it ? The sort of thing that he who runs may read. And he who reads may run—and does so, double quick, if he has any sense. This is one of the gems of the Investment (Control and Guarantees) Bill, and it will illustrate how safe and simple your financial transactions are going to be in future. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said it was " very simple," and the Solicitor-General said it was " crystal-clear " to him. But most of us cannot compete with these master-minds.



" . . . only in ballet we don't refer to them as cuties ! "

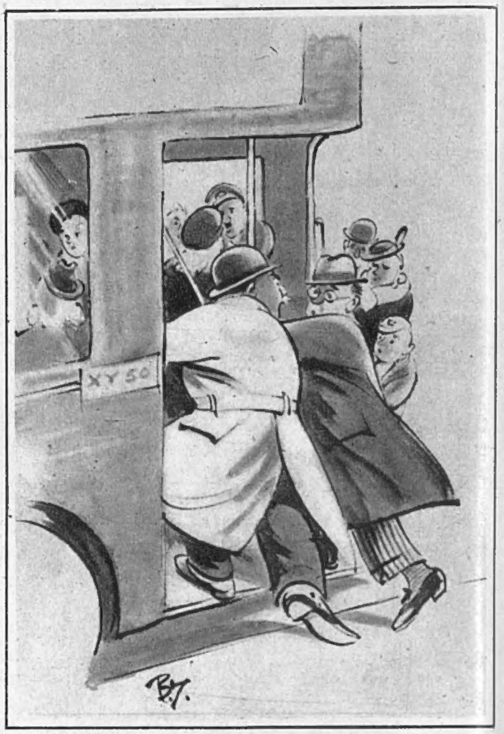
DRAWN BY STARKE.

The Wood and the Trees.

Here is another example, which dates back as far as 1923 : " In any case where a tenant holds two or more holdings, whether from the same landlord or different landlords, and receives notice to quit one or more but not all the holdings, the compensation for disturbance in respect of the holding or holdings shall be reduced by such amount as is shown to the satisfaction of the arbitrator to represent the reduction (if any) of the loss attributable to the notice to quit by reason of the continuance in possession by the tenant of the other holding or holdings." Just read that over slowly and carefully, and then read it over again, and see whether you can make head or tail of it. If you can, you are cleverer than a certain learned Judge, who said that he had not the least idea what it meant. Another learned Judge said of a section (453 words long) about trademarks that, having heard it read, and having read it himself, hundreds of times during the hearing of a case, he was still completely baffled by it.

Mother Tongue.

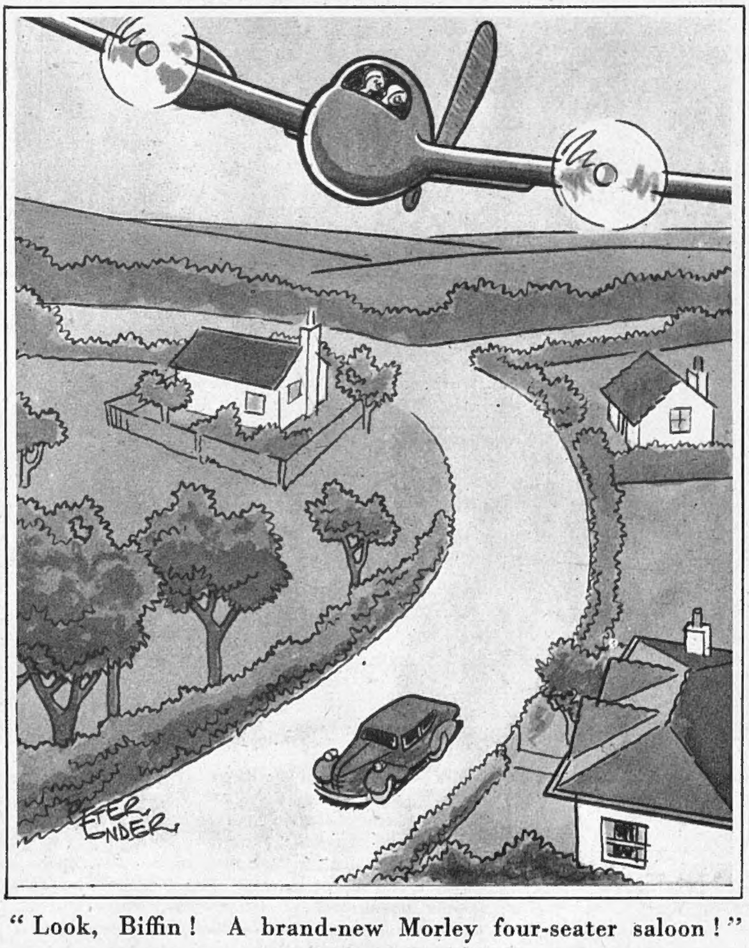
It was that old cynic Voltaire, was it not, who said that words were given us for the purpose of concealing our thoughts. That may be an advantage in polite intercourse, but it is not so good in laws and decrees which govern our lives and which we are bound to know at our peril. It is a strange sort of mind which can invent these legal mumbo-jumbos ; but then it is a strange sort of language that we British speak and write. I see that a recent exponent of spoken English ventures the statement that there are 18 vowel sounds in our mother tongue. Mr. Bernard Shaw's comment is that there are at least 18,000 vowels in the English language, and there is no correct pronunciation of any of them. " Both Hoxton and Oxford call a rose a rowse (rah-ooze), which by any other name would smell as sweet." What they call a rowse in other parts of England (not to mention Ireland), goodness ownly knahooze. Cross the Atlantic and you 'll get another 18,000 vowels and practically no consonants at all : thus a bottle is a boll and the city of Toronto in Trahno. Undoubtedly a difficult language : perhaps that is why only about one person in a hundred in the British Empire knows and speaks it !



" Where the hell have I disliked your face before ? " [DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.]

The Other Cheek.

I am almost ashamed to mention the British Empire ; after a brief boost during the war, it seems to have slipped back into its former disrepute as a vast system of graft and oppression. Almost I hear the dulcet tones of Goebbels in the golden voices of Moscow. Ladies and gentlemen—let 's face it—we are not beloved of everybody everywhere. This page, however, is not a *communiqué* from Our Diplomatic Correspondent, nor am I—surprising



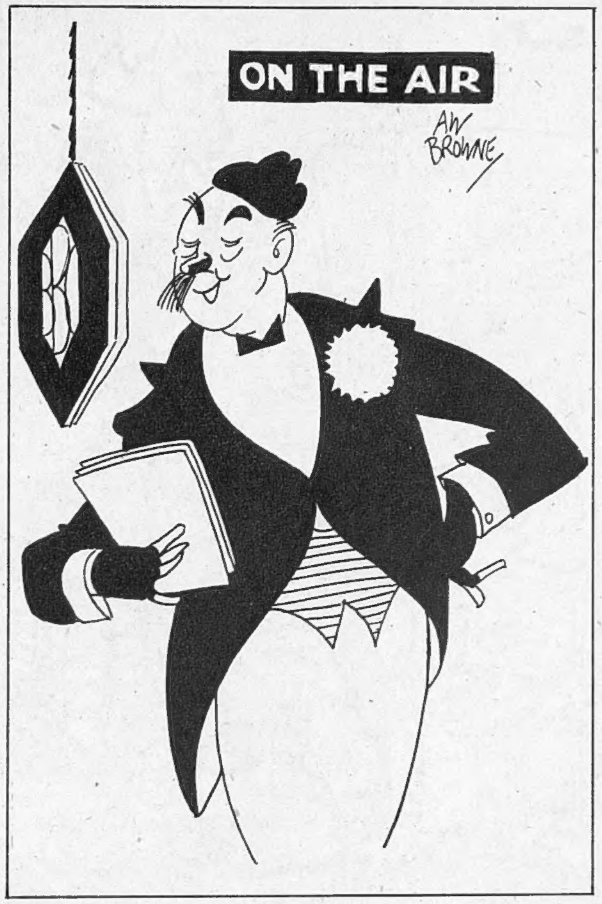
" Look, Biffin ! A brand-new Morley four-seater saloon ! "

DRAWN BY PETER ENDER.

though it may seem—the Security Council of the United Nations. (Ah, if I only were !) I cannot, however, help being struck by the almost superhuman Christian meekness of some of our publicists. Thus, a Special Correspondent in *The Times* advises that the proper policy "is for Britain to prove by events that the Soviet view that British policy is fundamentally reactionary is wholly misbased." So, if somebody shouts insults and calumnies at you day in and day out, the dignified course is to smile and wait until it dawns upon him that you are not such a bad chap after all. Well, it is certainly a counsel of perfection, and I fear Mr. Bevin fell short of it when he insisted, in the matter of Greece, that there are such things as truth, dignity and honour.

The Great Minority. Out of all this back-chat, one of the most truly illuminating things has come, as one might expect, from the Generalissimo himself. "In England," said Uncle Joe, "there is only one party in power—the Labour Party. The other parties have no say in the government whatever. And yet Mr. Churchill calls that democracy !" Really, that opens up vistas ! It reveals, in a few words, the complete incapacity of most foreigners, and all Easterners, to understand the nature of our queer democracy. More, it shows the utter inability of the totalitarian-minded to understand any other system. A party is in power with a large majority : it can enforce its will ; *therefore* no other will in the community counts at all or has anything to do with "running" the country or representing its spirit and its mixture of elements. No, I suppose it is impossible to make anybody bred in the one-party system understand what a vital part minorities have always played in our society. There is scarcely an Englishman who is not in a minority, possibly consisting only of himself, about something or other ; and so may it always be !

Good Men and True. There was, for example, the well-known juryman who found himself in a minority of one, and said that he had never met eleven such obstinate men in his life. It seems that he will be coming into his own again soon. There is a strong movement to restore trial by jury in all its glory, which has been more than somewhat dimmed by six years of war. Well, we all know that it is one of our most famous institutions, and most people think that we invented it. (Actually, it came from France.) Judges who, throughout the war, have had to "find" both fact and law do not altogether like their task, and one of the most experienced of them said the other day (I do not quote him exactly) that he saw no reason why a Judge should be better able to weigh facts than a butcher, baker or candlestick-maker. That seemed to me surprising. I should have thought that disentangling and weighing facts was one of the most essential parts of any legal training, and I cannot help doubting whether the average juryman or jurywoman is very good at it.



"Ignore that last joke . . . I see it's been blue-pencilled !" [DRAWN BY A. W. BROWNE.]

The Luck of the Game.

There are few subjects on which there is sharper difference of opinion, even among lawyers, than this. Some of my friends at the Bar have an implicit faith in the common sense of the common man. I think they must have been lucky with their verdicts. Others are completely cynical about perverse verdicts, and certainly anybody who has seen the criminal law at work must have been astounded at the stupidities of which juries are sometimes capable. Fortunately—or is it so fortunately ?—these feats of unreason generally result in the guilty being acquitted rather than the innocent being convicted, and that is in accordance with the fine old British "sporting spirit" which is a marked feature of all our criminal justice. I never understand why any accused person is defeatist enough to plead guilty. The case may seem clear beyond all reasonable doubt, but by the time the

[Continued overleaf.

"Can you tell me what I ought to dislike about Picasso ?" [DRAWN BY SILENUS.]

The one-hundred-and-thirty-eighth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

Judge and counsel have explained what a reasonable doubt *is*—well, you never know !

Justice for the Juror.

Anyhow, if juries are to come back into full blast, I hope that they will at last stand up for their rights. Everybody else is demanding their cut from the great joint of the State, and it is high time that jurymen, who have an important and often disagreeable duty to perform, got their slice. The traditional method is to treat them as if they, and not the man in the dock, were felons. They have to sit for hours or days on hard, trouser-polishing seats ; they have the most dismal, depressing quarters for their deliberations, and they are paid a contemptuous compensation for the time and money they lose. Perhaps the object of all this austerity is to accelerate verdicts, for nobody would go through the rigours of jury-service a moment longer than he could help ; but it seems rather a brutal way of speeding up justice. As a first step, I would advocate a cushion or two at the seat of judgment, as tempering justice with mercy. Let us, after all, get down to fundamentals.

"Just what is it you are looking for ? If it's stockings . . . I'm wearing them !"

DRAWN BY S. L. BRETTELL.

The Church Militant.

There have been interesting developments in the ecclesiastical as well as the legal world. It has often been remarked that clergymen are among the few persons in this world who are never answered back, and that this, on the whole, is not very good for them. A certain modern-minded clergyman, feeling the justice of this criticism, and perhaps impressed by the intellectual stimulus of the Brains Trusts which now appear to be the chief national field-sport, announces that he is going to give his congregation the opportunity to "hit back." It is to be feared, however, that as the title of his address is to be "You can all go to Hell," the hit-back may be all too brief and obvious. Another rector, being hard put to it to find surplices for his choir, has discovered a *cache* of nighties, being the remnant of a village charity for "gowns and petticoats for 20 poor women." The problem of the surplices is solved and thus, unexpectedly, the faith of pious benefactors is justified of works, while the initiative and example of the clergy are fostered by a very proper spirit of make-do and mend.

Squirrel à la Mode.

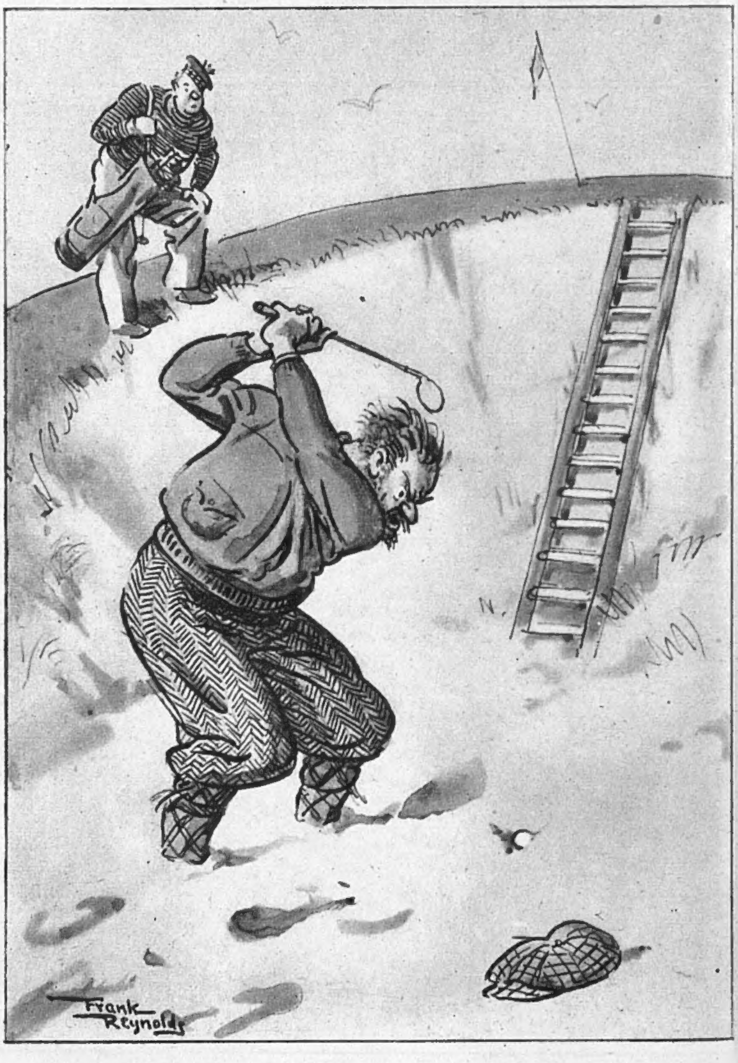
All must be cheered by the news that France is soon to send us some long-desired luxuries, like pit-props, resins and ores, together with a few simple necessaries, such as wines, Cognac, textiles and fashions. If you would care for any pit-props, I will exchange them for a cask or two of Cognac. There is talk of over 2500 tons of wine and 393 tons of brandy. (How sordid to think of wine being sold by the ton, like so much crude oil or pig-iron !) I find no mention, however, of the price to the consumer—the Little Man in the restaurant—and that seems to me to be rather relevant. However, tons of wine, of whatever price and lineage, are happier thoughts than all this gruesome discussion about squirrel pies. There is, I confess, a very engaging family of squirrels in my garden, and I am relieved that I cannot apply to the Government for free cartridges for a mass-execution, because I don't possess a gun. The Ministry of Food says it has a recipe which has not yet been issued to the public, but is "available to applicants." The mystery deepens and the blood curdles !

The Rainbow Also Ran.

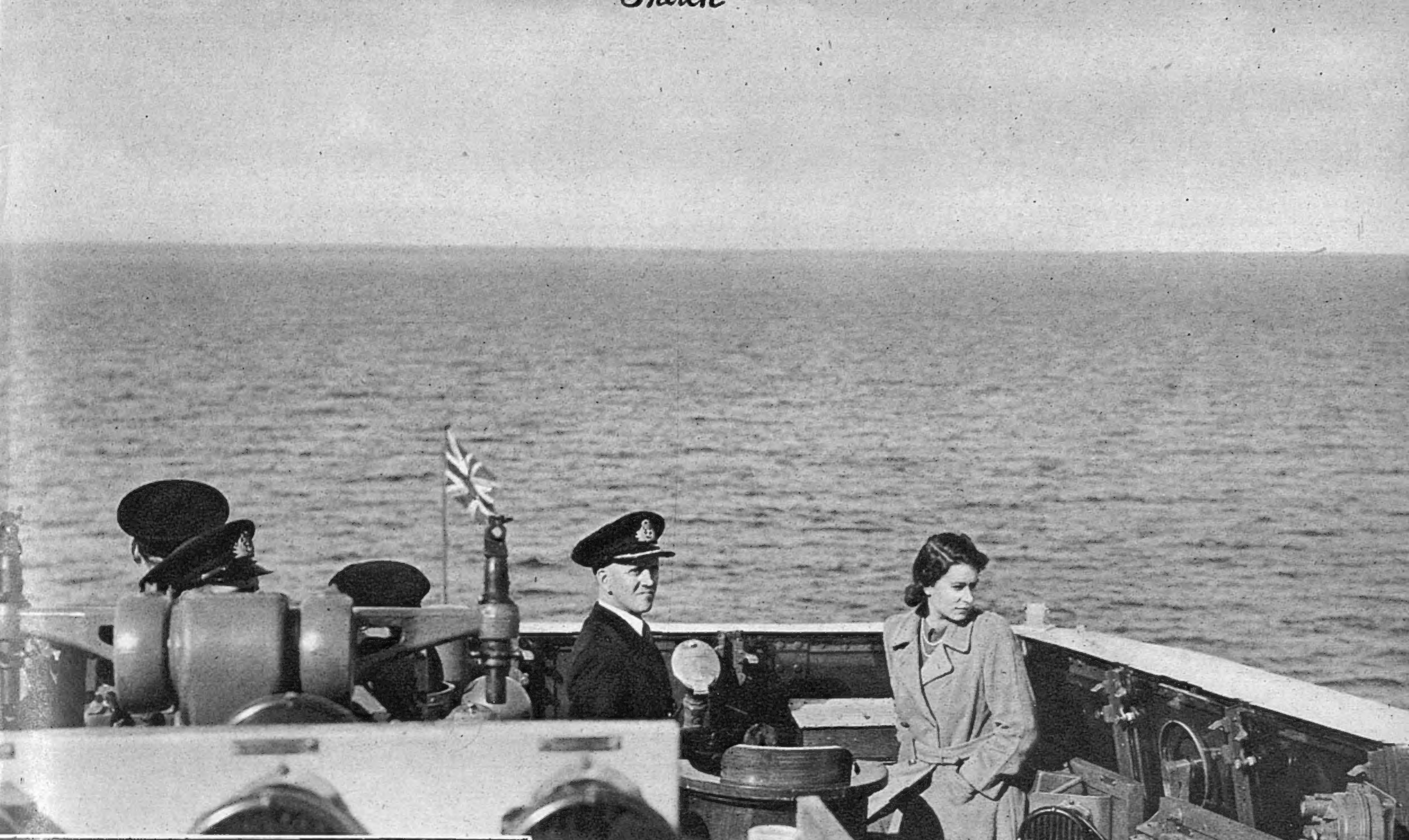
Have you been counting up your coupons and taking thought about your gent's. Spring suiting ! It ought to be (as our more eloquent statesmen would say) definitely "posh" this year, because you can get it, through the forethought of the British Colour Council, in Blue Grass, Pacific Green, Shires and Kenya Brown, Feather Blue and Sloeberry. A difficult choice, comparable only to that of the well-known chameleon who strayed on to the tartan. But be careful ; a Coat of Many Colours has caused trouble ere now ! Alas ! while all this purple and fine linen abound, a correspondent writes to a newspaper : "I am desperate. I cannot obtain 8½ shoes." Signed "*Miss*" ! I recommend herring-boxes without topses.

Wonderful World.

Faits divers in the Wonderful World : Turkeys are to be tattooed to beat the black market gangsters. Any customer who finds a Union Jack or a Pin-Up Girl imprinted on his portion of the white meat should call the police at once.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne dustmen have been finding strings of pearls in the bins, and in Tottenham Court Road £500-worth of diamonds have been picked up, but nobody claims them. My theory is that somebody must have dropped them when he was weighing himself in diamonds.



"Gang up yon steer . . rs !" [DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.]



H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *sailed to Ireland and back in the cruiser H.M.S. "Superb" when she went to launch H.M.S. "Eagle." Our photograph shows her during the return voyage, talking to Acting-Captain H. W. Simms Williams, R.N. "Superb" is the first ship to wear her Royal Highness's personal Standard, an honour of which officers and ship's company are immensely proud.*

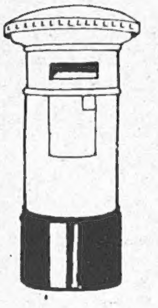
H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *went to Covent Garden Opera House last week to see "The Sleeping Beauty" for the second time, and then dined and danced at a restaurant, as the guest of Lord St. Just, K.R.R.C., who had a party of eight.*

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE—ON OFFICIAL DUTY AND AT A PARTY.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, who will be twenty years of age this month, carried out the most ambitious official mission which she has as yet undertaken when she went to Ireland to launch H.M.S. "Eagle," the new aircraft-carrier, and toured Ulster. Her visit roused immense enthusiasm, and the grace and dignity with which she carried out her programme charmed all hearts. On her return to London one of the first private engagements which she fulfilled was to go to Covent Garden to see Sadler's Wells Ballet in "The Sleeping Beauty" for the second time. Lord St. Just, twenty-four-year-old lieutenant in the 60th Rifles, was host, and after seeing the ballet they went on to a London restaurant. The other guests were Lady Mary Strachey, Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Anne Streaker, Captain R. W. Henderson, Miss Henderson, Major Wake and Captain Rowley.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The inevitable question of a War Memorial has cropped up, and everybody who, for weeks past, has been sunk in despondency and gloom owing to Persia and the East Wind, has suddenly perked up and begun being angry and excited, which, though not actually good things in themselves, are better than despondency and gloom, and more warming to the feet.

"It 's ridiculous!" shouted Colonel Simpkins, who always gets angrier than anybody else. "A building of that size! Where 's the money coming from, tell me that," and he tapped the Conductor, who happened to be standing near him, on the chest.

The Conductor, who hates being shouted at, muttered something about Government Grants, which was unwise of him because, since Labour came to power, Government is one of the words we all try not to say in dear Colonel Simpkins' presence.

"'Where 's the money coming from?'"

"This damned Government!" bellowed Colonel Simpkins, turning such a deep purple we all feared he might have a seizure.

"Basil, dear," said Little Mrs. Simpkins.

"What *I* should like," said Charles tactfully, "is a Maternity Home. Then I shouldn't have to spend my nights chasing over the country in a motor-car. But now that the health of the nation has been taken over by the Government——" Colonel Simpkins uttered a smothered scream and Little Mrs. Simpkins gave Charles a reproachful look.

"My feeling is that I don't want *anything*," said Lady B., who is just recovering from a bad cold. "I don't want Victory Parades, or Sports for the Children, or Maternity Homes, or Social Centres, or Clubs for the Home Guard, or——"

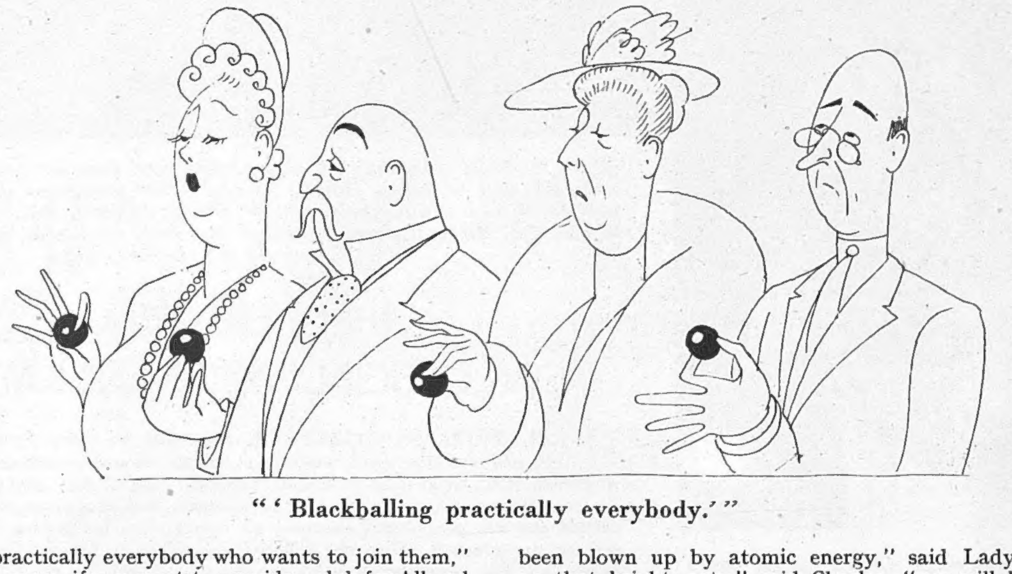
"Darling Lady B.," said Charles, "I must give you a tonic."——"This is no time to Build," said Mrs. Savernack in sepulchral tones. "People must get homes to live in first."

"They aren't even going to think of building for five years," said Faith, and Mr. Savernack gave a disappointed grunt.

"But we don't *want* a Social Centre," said Colonel Simpkins, in a high, fretful voice. "We 've got the Bridge Club."

"And the Gentlemen's Club," said Mr. Savernack.

"Though you couldn't say either of them provides really exhilarating entertainment for young people," said Lady B.



"'Blackballing practically everybody.'"

"Besides blackballing practically everybody who wants to join them," said Faith.——"Well, of course, if you want to provide a club for All and Sundry——" said Colonel Simpkins.——"That was the idea," said the Conductor.——"What happens in a Social Centre?" said Mrs. Savernack.

"Very much what happens in a Gentlemen's Club, except that they are allowed to laugh," said Faith, who was out to annoy.

"A bit of dancing and music, and some loan-picture exhibitions, and perhaps some lectures and discussion groups," said the Conductor.

"Good God!" said Colonel Simpkins.

The Conductor had gone rather pale, as he always does when he is angry. "Taking it by and large," he said, "I should think this is one of the most uncultured places in England."

"Thank goodness!" said Colonel Simpkins and Mr. Savernack together.

"And the dullest for young people," said Lady B., who had roused herself from her lethargy and thrown herself into the fray beside the Conductor.

"And who 's going to Pay?" said Colonel Simpkins, tapping the Conductor on the chest again. "ME!"

"Darling Colonel Simpkins, how sweet of you!" said Faith, and Colonel Simpkins glared at her and told her not to be impertinent.

"I suppose we 'll all have to pay a bit," said Lady B.

"And why should we?" shouted Colonel Simpkins, turning purple again. "We 're being bled white in order that They can get everything for nothing. Free Medical Attention——"

"Don't forget, Colonel," said Charles, "that you are going to have Free Medical Attention yourself. Alas!" he added, on a long sigh.

"I don't want Free Medical Attention!" screamed Colonel Simpkins. "I won't have it!"——"Basil, *dear*!" said Little Mrs. Simpkins.

"I won't subscribe a penny!" said Colonel Simpkins, in a high, shaking voice. "I shall go to the Meeting and vote against it, and so will every other decent person in the place!"

"'I must give you a tonic.'"

"Then I 'm indecent," said Faith, with a happy smile.

"It 'll come off the Rates," said Colonel Simpkins. "We shall have to pay."

The Conductor walked up to Colonel Simpkins and bent down and stared into his face. "You had three sons in this war," he said, "and two sons-in-law, and you got them all back safely. If you think something on your rates is too much for that, then you 're a mean old man."

"Hear, hear!" said Lady B.——"I consider that a very offensive remark," said Colonel Simpkins, who is anything but mean.

"I think Basil had forgotten about it being a War Memorial," said Little Mrs. Simpkins.

"I 'm sorry I said that, Colonel," said the Conductor, who hates hurting people's feelings, and Colonel Simpkins acknowledged the apology with a distant bow.

The Admiral, who had been sitting quietly in the corner, suddenly said: "Well, I lost both my boys in this War. I 'd rather like to see this thing go ahead if it 's really needed."

"I suppose it is really needed?" said Lady B.

"I sometimes wonder," said the Conductor, sitting down and looking defeated. "It 's no good unless the people it is being done for back it up."

"My dear boy," said Colonel Simpkins, patting him on the shoulder, "you mustn't lose heart."

"In five years' time the world may have been blown up by atomic energy," said Lady B. dreamily. "And on that bright note," said Charles, "we will bring the discussion to a close."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS KATHLEEN HARRIMAN, for following up her London début as blitz reporter by a "second appearance" as diplomatic hostess.

MISS KATHLEEN HARRIMAN, *daughter of Mr. Averell Harriman, the new U.S. Ambassador in London, will act as his hostess at the Embassy. She made a name for herself in this rôle in Russia, during his term as U.S. Ambassador in Moscow. Her father likes entertaining and she will have plenty of scope when they arrive at No. 14, Prince's Gate, the Ambassador's official London residence, probably in May. When Mr. Harriman, a great friend of Britain, came over here in 1941 on Lend-Lease affairs as President Roosevelt's "Personal Representative" she came with him and worked as a newspaper reporter during the London blitz. Miss Harriman is twenty-six years old, sparkling and attractive. The Harriman family are old members of New York's Four Hundred, and Mr. Harriman is the fourth richest man in America.*

UP AND DOWN AND ROUND ABOUT BY CAMERA;

VISCOUNT *and* VISCOUNTESS HANWORTH *after the christening of their infant son and heir,* THE HON. DAVID STEPHEN GEOFFREY POLLOCK. *Their daughter,* THE HON. GILLIAN POLLOCK, *came to the ceremony too.*

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK *opened a bazaar organised by the Sussex branch of the Royal Society of St. George at Haywards Heath. Her daughters,* THE LADIES SARAH *(left)* and MARY FITZALAN HOWARD, *accompanied her.*

CAPTAIN LORD GUERNSEY, *The Black Watch, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Aylesford, married* MISS MARGARET ROSEMARY TYER, *daughter of Major A. A. and Mrs. Tyer, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.*

S/L. TRENT, R.N.Z.A.F. *(l.), was invested with the V.C. by the King for attacking the Amsterdam Power Station; and* W/C. YEO-THOMAS, R.A.F.V.R., *with the G.C. for secret missions.*

Fifteen-year-old PRINCESS MARGARET *fulfilled her first public engagement by visiting Junior Clubs of the Save the Children Fund—Hopscotch Inn, St. Pancras, and the Camel, Bethnal Green.*

NEWS SNAPSHOTS OF NOTABLE PEOPLE

MARY PICKFORD *(Mrs. Buddy Rogers), known to every patron of the silent films as "The World's Sweetheart," has just arrived in London on business connected with film production and distribution.*

The marriage of CAPTAIN D. M. A. WEDDERBURN, *Grenadier Guards, to* MISS M. D. S. PHILIPS, *younger daughter of the late Mr. E. Philips and of Mrs. L. Hardy, took place at Tutbury.*

LADY ELIZABETH MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, *elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, is engaged to the Duke of Northumberland. During the war she served in the W.R.N.S.*

MISS GILLIAN DALLAS HARINGTON, *second daughter of Captain and Mrs. Dallas Harington, is engaged to Sub-Lieut. J. Crewdson, R.N., younger son of Major and Mrs. Eric Crewdson.*

PRINCESS ELIZABETH *visited the Charter Club's exhibition of Dolls of All Nations. The dolls on view included some which the Princesses used to play with as children. H.R.H. is here admiring a doll in Czarist Russian court dress.*

MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN, *new U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, has already served in this country, as from 1941-43 he was expediting Lend-Lease supplies. He was subsequently U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet.*

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

SOME critics have treated "THE LADY FROM THE SEA," at the Arts Theatre, as if this great masterpiece of symbolism and suggestion could be summed up in a phrase from the headlines. "Woman Bather Foiled In Love Bid" will not, however, serve as a synopsis. For all its powerful erotic symbolism (and Ibsen uses this with chilling detachment) this play is a study, not of sensual attraction or of the undesirable effects of freshwater bathing, but of the power of illusion to threaten the peaceable happiness of married life. Fifty-five years ago, Mr. Bernard Shaw put his finger on the point of the play when he said that it "deals with the origin of ideals in unhappiness—in dissatisfaction with the real." Ibsen knew how to harness the great tugging forces of the sea, the fascination of its enormous spaces for those who have not found satisfaction upon land; but he also knew, and he takes care that we should know, by the end of the evening, that a woman who knows herself to be free and responsible would be happier within the rocky acre of her own home than in the cabin of a chance acquaintance on whom she has chosen to pin her longing. The heroine of this play is, in Mr. Shaw's phrase, a person who has dawdled her life away over fiction; and her sudden return to reality is one of the most curious and arresting scenes in all drama. It doesn't quite have its full force at the Arts Theatre—possibly because Miss Veronica Turleigh, though she acts with great intelligence and with a hooting, sighing note in her voice which compelled our attention, had not enough help from the production. Miss Judith Furse achieves a perfect naturalism with several of her lesser parts—that excellent Tchehovian player, Mr. Harold Scott, did wonders with the ageing tutor; Mr. Geoffrey Keen, as the consumptive sculptor, won the house with his telling quietness; and Miss Julia Lang, as the younger daughter, looked well, spoke well and knew how to keep still after making her points. But all this was done at such an easy, conversational level that Miss Turleigh needed all her reserves to drag the audience up to the imaginative heights upon which Ellida fights for her salvation; and Mr. Mark Dignam, as her husband, swivelled uneasily between the two. But no one should miss this great play.

"Fifty-Fifty," at the Strand. The workmen of a fruit-canning factory, feeling they must have a share of profits and a say in its working, take over from the owner, Bauer; make it an "Industrial Democracy." Foreman Biggleswade (FRANK PETTINGELL) *is elected "Spokesman." His daughter Mary* (BERYL BAXTER), *as Secretary, objects to his looking at the owner's private papers.*

Banker Dawson (CAMERON HALL) *receives a slap in the face when he comes in to foreclose. Craig was no lunatic as reported, but a sane business man with a first-class proposition; Bauer and Biggleswade rejoice together over the* volte face.

Mr. James Laver's "Nymph Errant" pleased, on its first appearance, by giving the reader all the sensations of vicarious immorality. Docked of these, and seen across the ghastly ravine of the last ten years, it cuts, in Mr. Romney Brent's version at the Cambridge Theatre, a rather expectedly poor figure. A first-night audience is often treacherous; but when the gallery began to be restive during the performance of "EVANGELINE," one could only be surprised that they hadn't begun earlier. Miss Frances Day's blazing professional accomplishment, backed in this instance by an admirable courage and grit, wrought marvels with her senseless material. In other circumstances Miss Hannah Watt might have delighted the audience, but she foundered in the effort to put over a song whose banality defies expression.

Myself handicapped by an aversion to detective-novels, and to the indefatigable drudges who compose them, I have never much enjoyed Mrs. Agatha Christie's ingenious teasers. On the stage, moreover, these generally suffer from the fact that the emotional interest and the detective interest go romping off in different directions. "MURDER ON THE NILE," at the Ambassadors Theatre, is no exception. Our sympathies pull one way, and the claims of justice another, until Mrs. Christie binds the two together in a scene of pious uplift worthy of her distinguished colleague, Miss Sayers. This taut little story of passionate excitements on a Nile packet-steamer is, however, acted with immense gusto by Mr. David Horne as the Church of England's Father Brown, by Mr. Ronald Millar as a young man "studying conditions," and by Mr. Hugo Schuster as a refugee doctor. Miss Helen Haye could have played her part in her sleep, but did not appear to be doing so. Miss Vivienne Bennett gave a plausible edge to her suffering as a cast-off lover; and Mr. Ivan Brandt, who had to bear her reproaches, did so with an Italianate vehemence rare, I believe, among the old Devonshire families from which he was said to come.

At the Scala Theatre, where Mr. Slater's political tract might have been labelled "for sympathisers only," Mr. Bernard Miles has followed up with one of his very best comic monologues, loosely inserted into a naïve little play about the formation of the Home Guard. "LET TYRANTS TREMBLE" is a thing of joy while Mr. Miles' ancient rustic is on the stage; when he is off, and the parable (of how a young Socialist broke down the class feeling of the county) has to get under way, the play is likely to give full satisfaction only to the converted. But it is done with a likeable fervour, and the play goes with a swing which says a great deal for Mr. Miles' powers as a trainer. And it is worth going a long way to hear him bark out his summary of the causes of the world's woe—"Greed of Gold—and not enough gentry."

A word of praise, too, for the new play at Walham Green. "ALL THIS IS ENDED," by Mr. Jack Allridge, is a play about Servicemen, acted by ex-Servicemen, which must move and touch every member of the audience. At the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, the T.R.T. Company, which includes such excellent players as Lewis Casson, Basil Langton, Esmond Knight, Ann Casson and Renée Asherson, has followed its good beginning in Shaw and Shakespeare with a play by the admired Irish dramatist, Paul Vincent Carroll; this company deserves a solid westward movement of playgoers.

The workers didn't realise they had taken over a huge overdraft too. Bauer (HARRY GREEN), *the owner, knew it only too well. Enter Craig* (IAN MACLEAN), *says he is a millionaire with money to invest in the business and a proposition for mobile shops to carry the goods to people's doors.*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY SEASON OF REPERTORY (New). "PRIVATE LIVES" (Apollo). "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe). "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix). SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON (Covent Garden).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "THE YEARS BETWEEN" (Wyndham's). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "FOR CRYING OUT LOUD" (Stoll). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" (Coliseum). "THE HASTY HEART" (Aldwych). "NO MEDALS" (Vaudeville). "DUET FOR TWO HANDS" (Lyric). "LADY FROM EDINBURGH" (Playhouse). "SEE HOW THEY RUN" (Comedy). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Princes). "FINE FEATHERS" (Prince of Wales). OPERA SEASON (Sadler's Wells). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall). WOLFIT SHAKESPEARE SEASON (Winter Garden). "STAGE DOOR" (Saville). "THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion). "A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE" (Piccadilly). "SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace). "DEAR RUTH" (St. James's). "FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand). "THE SACRED FLAME" (Westminster). "MAKE IT A DATE" (Duchess). "MURDER ON THE NILE" (Ambassadors).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

I NEVER thought the day would come when we should see an ordinary, paying, entertainment-seeking cinema audience moved to excitement and applause over a film which has no love-story, which deals with the theme, not of Boy Gets Girl, but of Boy Gets Scholarship; and which reaches its climactic moment with the mumbled admission of a youth to his teacher that he is willing, nay, anxious, to learn Greek.

Yet that is the case with the film version of Emlyn Williams' play "THE CORN IS GREEN" (Warner). This splendidly intelligent piece proved very much to the taste of the public at its first performance, and I cannot see any reason to fear that later audiences will reverse the verdict. It has in Bette Davis a popular star from whom a certain amount of intelligence is condoned and expected. Miss Davis always plays "queer" parts; her acting traditionally provides food for thought; she stands in the peculiar position of a woman who is liked for being "clever" by people who take pride in declaring that they are not.

It is Bette Davis, I fancy, who will bring the customers in to see "The Corn is Green," and her performance should delight them. But the film has other attractions: a good story, which everyone will appreciate; beautifully written dialogue, which a few people will appreciate; and a new leading man called John Dall. If anything is certain in this crazy world of films, it is that young Mr. Dall is going to be a star.

Emlyn Williams' play has suffered a little here and there in its Hollywood version. The alleged Welsh settings are like something out of eighteenth-century Gothic by Horace Walpole, with the croak of a bullfrog or so thrown in to make them homely. The singing note of the Welsh voice is missed, and an occasional American usage in the dialogue startles the attentive listener. But it would be ungenerous to stress these things; the mistakes are few in a film of which the virtues are many. On the whole, Hollywood has translated Mr. Williams handsomely and fairly, and the effect is of a work with an uncommon quality of heart and mind.

"Abilene Town" (London Pavilion) is a pioneer town of the '70's following the Civil War, when the development of the great plains caused violent conflict between cattle barons and homesteaders. **ANN DVORAK** *plays Rita, song-and-dance queen of the "Pride" gambling saloon and music-hall. Randolph Scott is opposite her as Dan, the marshal of law and order.*

ANNE CRAWFORD *is Oriana in the film version of Eleanor Smith's "Caravan," which opens at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on April 12 with a world première in aid of the Army Cadet Force Association (Welfare Fund).*

The story, you will remember, is about a middle-aged Englishwoman, with a small private income, who goes to live in a Welsh mining village in the 1890 s. Her plan is simply to settle down quietly with her books, but being a determined person with an active mind, she quickly sets about trying to improve the appalling conditions of ignorance she sees round her. She starts a school for the boys who are sent down into the pits before they have learnt to read or write. Amongst the stupid minds, the slow minds, the lazy minds, and the average conscientious minds of her pupils, she encounters one really fine mind. The rest of the film is concerned with her fight to ensure a university career and a wider life for this uncouth adolescent of the pits, who fiercely resists the "foreign" woman's attempts to help him.

Owen Wister's classic, "The Virginian," filmed in Technicolor, will have its première at the Plaza Theatre on Friday, April 5. **JOEL McCREA** *plays the Virginian, and* **BARBARA BRITTON** *is Molly. Brian Donlevy and Sonny Tufts are also in the cast.*

Although there is a subsidiary plot about a sly little Cockney hussy who seduces the boy and almost ruins his chances of a career, "The Corn is Green" is really the romance of the recognition, engagement and union of two keen minds. This is a new theme for the cinema, and it is fortunate that in Miss Davis and Mr. Dall the film has a couple of players who can meet its strong demands. The scenes they play together are remarkable in their force. Little is said between them, but much is made clear, and this intellectual communion is more subtly exciting than many a passionate love-story.

"THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S" (Carlton) is, or should be, a warning to the makers of felicitous works of art or entertainment that they cannot *always* recapture that first fine, careless rapture. It isn't because this film is a clear attempt to duplicate the formula of its charming and popular predecessor, "Going My Way," that I regard it with strong reservations. In point of fact, the moments in "Bells" that most closely derive from "Going My Way" invite nothing but praise. What is wrong with the new film is not the theme but the variations.

In "Going My Way" Bing Crosby, as the young Catholic priest, Father O'Malley, was sent to a backsliding slum parish on what, in all reverence, I would choose to call a sales-drive. In "Bells of St. Mary's" his mission takes him to an overcrowded firetrap of a parochial school. In the first film he had as colleague and foil a rugged old Irish priest, played by Barry Fitzgerald. In the present piece he encounters a comely Swedish Sister Superior, played by Ingrid Bergman. In one film he gets a new church for the parish. In the other he gets a new school.

A great deal of "Bells of St. Mary's" is entertaining in a gently humorous and sentimental way, and it has one scene that is really first-class: when a bunch of kindergarten babies act out their own ingenuous version of a Nativity play. Mr. Crosby and Miss Bergman are skilled entertainers, and if they don't in the least resemble a priest and a nun, they have the tact to keep their performances under strong control. The film's weakness is in a certain sense of artificiality that has crept over characters and plot.

"OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP" (Plaza), with Gail Russell and Diana Lynn, is a sequel to "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," which was based on Cornelia Otis Skinner's funny and charming recollections of her girlhood. The present film seems based on nothing but the tiresome gambols of a pair of schoolgirls, a pair of bootleggers, and a pair of Princeton students.

JEAN KENT *is Rosal and* **STEWART GRANGER** *is Richard in Gainsborough's "Caravan." Arthur Crabtree directs.*

"CORNERED" (Odeon), with ex-crooner Dick Powell and that excellent heavy, Walter Slezak, is one of the new tough thrillers that have more style than sense. Mr. Powell, grim, unshaven, laconic, with cropped hair and an ugly scar, plays a Canadian airman who has been released from a German prison camp, only to learn that his French wife has been killed by a Vichy collaborationist. Rowing and swimming across the Channel to France, an exercise that is a mere nothing to a tough guy without luggage, he immediately acquires, in a countryside strewn with ruins, a virile Dick Powell trench-coat and a Dick Powell lounge suit tailored to perfection. He also obtains news of his wife's murderer, which sends him hurrying to South America. The rest of the film takes place in the Argentine, where Mr. Powell, in his man-hunt, gets involved with a number of expensive types, going in heavily for murder, hard drinking, and extra-connubial entertaining.

From a technical point of view, "Cornered" is rather better than the average thriller. The tricks of direction are obvious, but they are effective. The acting is well enough, and a constant sense of danger keeps the watcher on the jump. But for the life of me I couldn't tell you why most of these characters behave as they do, or how they got that way, or even which are the good ones and which the bad ones. "Have you really got a clear picture of what's going on around here?" a naïve type inquires at one point in the story. Frankly, no.

THE MAN WHO PULLED DOWN GOERING'S ARROGANCE.

SIR DAVID PATRICK MAXWELL FYFE, K.C., M.P., *British Prosecutor at Nuremberg, is the man whose brilliant cross-examination, to quote "The Times," "drew the main threads of several aspects of the case together with such crushing directness" that Goering's nimble wit and deft explanations were robbed of any shadow of plausibility. He had been in the witness-box for over four days when Sir David took over, and under the rain of courteous yet deadly questions the suave confidence of the surviving chief Nazi, the man who with Hitler had ruled the Reich, evaporated. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, who was born in 1900, served in the Scots Guards in 1918-19 and was called to the Bar in 1922. He has been Conservative Member for the West Derby Division of Liverpool since 1935, and was Solicitor-General in 1942-45.* LADY FYFE, *who is also pictured on this page, was Miss Sylvia Harrison. She was married in 1925 and has three daughters.*

PORTRAIT STUDIES BY RICHARD N. HAILE, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S., PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF BRITISH PHOTOGRAPHERS.

FAMILY QUARTET.

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR JOHN SLESSOR, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., *Member of the Air Council for Personnel, is posed with* LADY SLESSOR, *and their children,* PILOT OFFICER JOHN SLESSOR *and* MISS JULIET HERMIONE SLESSOR. *The group was taken shortly before the marriage of Miss Slessor to Lieut.-Colonel Kenrick Jack Price, D.S.O., M.C., 9th Lancers, of Rhiwlas, Bala, Merioneth, only son of the late Captain and Mrs. Robin Price, which was fixed to take place on Thursday, March 28, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Slessor has had a most distinguished career. He served in the 1914-18 War in the Royal Flying Corps and subsequently held many high appointments in India and at home. He was Director of Plans, Air Ministry, 1937-41, and A.O.C. 5 (Bomber) Group, 1941-42. In 1939 he was appointed A.D.C. to the King. He is the author of "Air Power and Armies" (1936), and was awarded the R.U.S.I. essay Gold Medal in 1936.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK, 43, DOVER STREET.

THE WHOLE ART OF BEING A MODERN WOMAN:

Current affairs are studied at Cygnet House, Queen's Gate. Here the sub-debs, or Cygnets, are listening to a talk from MR. GAMMONS, M.P.

Poise—or what the Victorians called "deportment"—is still an important accomplishment. Cygnet House students learn it from MISS PEGGY MASON.

Walking upstairs gracefully is not all that easy ; MISS SARAH WORTHINGTON-EVANS, MISS MARIAN HORTEN, MISS CECIL JAKELIN *and* MISS ROZANNE FOSTER *are going through their paces with* MISS MASON.

To be a good cook is a primary accomplishment for the modern woman. MISS ELISABETH PIRIE *obviously gets fun out of this branch of her studies.*

This posse of smiling young cooks, including the MISSES MARIAN H... ROZANNE FOSTER *are work...*

BEFORE 1938 Mrs. Rennie O'Mahony's Cygnet House sub-debs had only to learn "how to wear their feathers gallantly" to be perfectly equipped for life in a care-free world. When the war came the school went to North Wales and undertook pre-Service training for the W.R.N.S., etc. Now it has returned to London and provides a special post-school course designed to fit sub-debs to take their place with grace and efficiency in this working modern world. They learn to cook, dress-make, run a house and choose a job or a career, but they are also taught

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

SUB-DEBS LEARN HOW TO RUN A HOME AND KEEP A JOB.

A knowledge of secretarial duties is invaluable to-day, so typing classes figure in the curriculum for the students.

Walk with a book balanced on your head and you will achieve a stately carriage. MISS MARY BYNG-MADDICK, MISS ANGELA BESWICK *and* MISS OONA RYAN *(l. to r., in front), with* MISS PEGGY MASON.

Grace of movement is as necessary for the modern woman as mental balance. MISS PEGGY MASON *takes each member of her class separately and individually.*

N, E. DE VLEESCHAUWER, ANNE SPICER, ANGELA BESWICK *and the Institute of Good Housekeeping.*

poise of manner and balance of mind, brought up to date in current affairs, and introduced to cultural activities and to social life by going to dances and parties, concerts and theatres. They learn how to dance, to play games and to join in general conversation, to wear their clothes, to speak in public and to understand platform procedure. It is an experiment in post-school education which is proving enormously successful. Our photographs show some of the activities of these young girls, who are certainly studying the whole art of being a modern woman!

MISS ANNE MELLAND *and* MISS PATRICIA BROOKS *are busy mixing a dish under expert instruction at the Institute of Good Housekeeping.*

As old Miss Havisham's ward Estella, of Dickens' novel " Great Expectations," VALERIE HOBSON *goes skating in a costume of dark-blue wool trimmed with black velvet, velvet bonnet and sable furs.*

A lovely gown worn by VALERIE HOBSON *is made of palest blue organdie striped deeper blue. Miss Hobson's latest film, " The Years Between," will shortly be having its London première.*

Jilted on her wedding-day, eccentric Miss Havisham (MARTITA HUNT) *years later still wears her wedding dress. Her house is dusty, dirty: wreathed in cobwebs. Estella, her ward, grows up in this unwholesome atmosphere.*

In her bridal dress of yellowing ivory poult, trimmed with tarnished silver tissue, her veil and wreath, Miss Havisham lives on in dreams of the past; the weaving spiders hold sway over furniture and chandeliers.

DICKENS' CHARACTERS — BY MARTITA HUNT AND VALERIE HOBSON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

CHARLES DICKENS ON THE SCREEN: "GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

VALERIE HOBSON'S *Estella is jilted, in her turn, by her wealthy fiancé, on hearing that she has a convict father. So fully has Estella absorbed the atmosphere created by Miss Havisham* (MARTITA HUNT) *that this tragedy turns her into a near resemblance of her guardian ; until Pip turns up. The screen version of Dickens's dramatic novel "Great Expectations" is in production at Denham Studios, by Cineguild, starring John Mills as Pip. Ronald Neame produces ; David Lean directs. And the Kentish countryside that Dickens knew so well is its setting.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

IRÈNE SKORIK *in "La Fiancée du Diable," a ballet to Jean Hubeau music based on Paganini's "Caprice," with décor by Jean-Denis Malclès and choreography by Petit.*

THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES BALLETS—FOR LONDON NEXT WEEK.

THE famous BALLETS DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES, which have been enjoying a tremendous success in Paris, are due to open their London season of four weeks at the Adelphi Theatre on April 9. The season is under the patronage of H.E. the French

[*Continued below.*

IRÈNE SKORIK, CHRISTIAN FOYE *and* YOULY ALGAROFF *in "Jeu de Cartes" ballet to Stravinsky music, with choreography by Janine Charrat and décor by Pierre Roy.*

ROLAND PETIT *and* SIMONE MOSTOVOY *in "Les Forains," a Boris Kochno ballet to music by Henri Sauguet, with décor by Christian Bérard.*

ROLAND PETIT, *Maître du Ballet and premier danseur, as the infernal bridegroom in "La Fiancée du Diable," striking ballet in the répertoire of the Ballets des Champs Elysées.*

Continued.]

Ambassador, M. Massigli, and several notable new ballets with music by contemporary French composers, including Jacques Ibert, Jean Hubeau and Henri Sauguet, will be given. Boris Kochno is the art director, and his company includes some brilliant dancers. The opening programme will consist of "Concert de Danses," "Les Forains," "Jeu de Cartes," and the classic, "Lac des Cygnes."

"La Fiancée du Diable": IRÈNE SKORIK *as the bride, with* GUY LAINE *as La Chauve-Souris. The répertoire of the Ballets includes interesting new productions.*

1945 OSCARS FOR THE STARS.

Family party: RICHARD NEY, *his wife* GREER GARSON, *and her mother* MRS. GARSON *attended the Annual Academy Awards festivities.*

Also present were SHIRLEY TEMPLE *and her husband* JOHN AGAR, JNR., *at Grauman's Chinese Theatre where the Oscars were presented.*

INGRID BERGMAN, *former winner, handed his statuette to* RAY MILLAND, *whose brilliant performance in "The Lost Week-end" won him his prize.*

Another winner of a former year, GINGER ROGERS, *decorative in black satin, helped Ingrid in the presentation of the Oscars.*

THE great annual Hollywood ceremony of the Oscar hand-outs for 1945 took place in Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Thousands filled the streets outside to see the celebrities, and inside, the 2000 seats were filled with men and women in evening dress. Spotlights outshone the Hollywood Boulevard blaze of lights; traffic was halted, and the stars received [*Continued on right.*

BETTE DAVIS *handed their Oscars to* CHARLES BRACKET *and* BILLY WILDER, *director, for their best picture of the year, "The Lost Week-end."*

PEGGY ANN GARNER, *special award for best child actress;* JAMES DUNN, *best supporting actor in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn";* ANN REVERE, *best supporting actress in "National Velvet";* RAY MILLAND, *best actor of the year.*

Continued.]
their awards of merit for outstanding performances. They were headed by the best actor and actress of the year—Joan Crawford, whose Oscar was given for her performance in "Mildred Pierce," a film still to be shown in Britain, which was illustrated in our issue of March 20, and Ray Milland, who won the award for his magnificent interpretation of a drunkard in "The Lost Week-end."

GEORGE MURPHY *congratulated* FRANK SINATRA *on his Special Academy Award for a short "The House I Live In."*

HOW THE P.O.W.s PASSED THEIR TIME: "THE CAPTIVE HEART."

Depression in P.O.W. camps was fought by every means—lectures, for instance, were organised. Here Captain Thurston, R.A.M.C. (RALPH MICHAEL), *is holding his audience with a talk on First Aid.*

Any possibility of distraction was eagerly seized on by the brave and ingenious men. The Prison Camp pond was used for model yacht-racing, and thus some weary hours were whiled away by prisoners of war.

JACK LAMBERT *as the Padre of the Prison Camp, with his full-rigged model boat. Infinite patience had to be displayed in order to make these little boats with inadequate tools and material.*

Major Ossy Dalrymple (BASIL RADFORD), *a young man with tremendous drive, personality and energy, is camp leader. At the camp sports, he makes a " book," assisted by Private Matthews* (JIMMY HANLEY) *and Captain Jim Grayson* (GUY MIDDLETON).

The pantomime, put on by officers and men, is the highlight of prison entertainment. Private Matthews (JIMMY HANLEY) *and Capt. Jim Grayson* (GUY MIDDLETON) *are the Babes in the Wood.*

"THE CAPTIVE HEART," which was due for its world première at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, yesterday, April 2, in aid of the Victory (Ex-Services) Club, reconstructs life in a prisoner-of-war camp, and illustrates the splendid spirit of the men. Michael Redgrave plays the leading role, that of a Czech officer who has taken the identity of a dead British captain, in order to escape from a concentration camp; and is splendidly supported.

With the poorest of tools and material, P.O.W.s made toys. Cpl. Horsfall (JACK WARNER) *and Private Evans* (MERVYN JOHNS) *become expert.*

ENGLISH BALLERINA IN HER REGENCY HOME.

MARGOT FONTEYN, *prima ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, was a pupil of the great Russian dancer Princess Astafieva. She is gazing up at a drawing of her by Sintott.*

The grace of a Regency period house in Chelsea makes a perfect setting for MARGOT FONTEYN. *She is in her drawing-room with Chee, her Siamese cat.*

MARGOT FONTEYN'S *bedroom looks over her garden. A beautiful period mirror adorns her dressing-table, and a French banquette upholstered in striped silk stands in the window.*

A final touch before she leaves for Covent Garden: MARGOT FONTEYN *pauses before the mirror in her drawing-room to arrange a strand of hair.*

MARGOT FONTEYN, prima ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company and the first great *danseuse* to be produced by an English company, lives in a charming Regency period house in Chelsea, where these photographs were taken. She has added further to her great reputation by her performances as Princess Aurora at the Sadler's Wells Ballet Covent Garden season, which is proving such a success. She dances the part in alternation with Pamela May; and Moira Shearer was to dance it for the first time in the evening on Friday March 29. Miss Fonteyn was educated in China and the U.S.A., and has been a member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet since 1934. In "Who's Who" her recreation is given as "Small Mammals."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. GEORGE MILLAR has chosen an odd title for his escape-story. Why "pigeon," one may ask oneself, and why "horned"? The answer to the first question is to be found in the brief fable that serves as a foreword to the book; the author, the escaped prisoner of war, is the pigeon, the homing pigeon. Why "horned" the reader will discover at the end, if he does not guess before.

The story has a frame—the thinnest possible frame—of freedom. Mr. Millar was captured by the Germans and handed over to the Italians soon after he had set foot in Libya; and though technically he ceases to be a prisoner less than half-way through, he remains on the run until almost the last page. The last page gives a bitter and ironic twist to everything that went before. One likes to think of escape as a flight from misery to happiness; but it was not so in Mr. Millar's case.

He does not waste much pity on himself, however. His general attitude is not easy to describe, for it combines a very vivid interest in and understanding of other people with a sort of indifference to them. "Prison," he writes, "was harder for me than for most of my friends because I cannot say that I genuinely like my fellow-men. And I detest communities. This probably comes from my hatred of my wasted years at school, the unhappiest period of my life."

A Detached Observer. But neither is he a misanthrope. He is an observer of human beings, almost scientific in his detachment, yet at times intensely appreciative and admiring; of the scores of people, both on his own side and the enemy's, who did him a kindness or a good turn, none fails to get a thank-you. And he applies the same detachment to himself. He is interested in himself down to the smallest detail of the clothes he wears, yet one could not call him self-complacent, or an egotist; he is one of the animals in the ring and must come up for judgment, to have his good and bad points balanced against each other, like the rest.

Before the war Mr. Millar worked as a reporter on a daily newspaper, and it is perhaps his training and instinct for that which makes him such an incomparable narrator of his experiences in the prison camps of Germany and Italy and, later, among the resisters in France. He is utterly impartial, he has a photographic eye, and a crisp, easy style whose vitality never flags. And his memory, admittedly supplemented by notes, is none the less phenomenal, both for what he saw and for what he felt. He remembers how everybody looked and the impression they made on him.

PAMELA MATTHEWS *has a leading part in the Two Cities radar drama "Top Secret," directed by Peter Ustinov, now in production at Denham Studios. German radar equipment has been lent to the company by the authorities, and* CAPTAIN JOHN TIMOTHY, M.C. *and two Bars, of the Parachute Regiment, who took part in the raid in which it was captured, is explaining to Pamela some of its intricacies. He is acting as technical adviser in the making of the film.*

Round the Bend. "Horned Pigeon" is an adventure story, and so much is happening all the time, or just going to happen, that the author might seem to have little time for reflection. All the same, he does reflect. He decides, for instance, that the prison disease called "going round the bend," in which "you lay on your bed and wished that you were dead," and "stifled, stagnated and sulked," came from the "necessity for hypocrisy, for getting on well with other people." And at Padula, his first prison camp, one way of getting on well with people was, not to try to escape. "The would-be escaper at Padula was disliked by the majority of his fellow-prisoners. I myself was 'cut' by several officers when I came into the great courtyard for the first time after doing thirty days in the punishment-cell for attempted escape. The attitude of these persons only amused and interested me." The comment is characteristic of the author's detachment. But his unpopularity did not make him any the less escape-minded. Beginning the day with physical exercises to toughen himself (and for these he was very grateful later), he devoted all his energies of mind and body to escape.

"Horned Pigeon" is a very long book, and I think that the part before the final attempt on the Spanish frontier drags a little. Otherwise it is difficult to see how the accounts could have been better done. There is life and freshness in almost every sentence, and even if it does not give us a new "slant" on human nature, it shows us what human nature is capable of through every degree of behaviour from heroism to cowardice, from kindness to cruelty.

Happy Endings. To be really popular, a short story must end happily, and "magazine stories" almost invariably do. One of the results of this is that more serious practitioners of the art feel obliged to make their stories end "badly"—for the melancholy cleavage between highbrow and lowbrow—a cleavage which neither party wishes for—is, alas, only too marked in the art of the short story. An attitude to life which excludes hope is, in its way, almost as much of a distortion as an attitude which excludes fear. Life without hope means life without high spirits, geniality, enjoyment, all the qualities whose combined result is to make the human race increase and multiply. Many of the best short stories of to-day might be epitaphs to a race that is dying out.

The Social Background. Mr. Rhys Davies is, I suppose, a highbrow writer, but he has much more confidence in life than most of his kind, and the stories in "The Trip to London" do not, by their mood, envisage a speedy fulfilment of the death-wish in human beings. The author adopts certain safeguards. His characters are seen, generally, in a social environment, not isolated from their fellows—which is the beginning of tragedy. Also, there is continual movement in them: no situation is allowed to grow stagnant and septic, not even in the Welsh valleys, which often provide the settings of these stories. Megan Pugh, wife of Sam Two Fingers, believed the report that he was dead and immediately began to cash in on the insurance money. But he was not dead, and he came back, and their whole relationship had quickly to be revised and recast. On the other hand, the undertaker, Lewis the Hearse, who refused to bury women from the moment when his wife ran away with another man, never "relents from his hard vow": he continues to work for "gents only." Still, another undertaker is found who will bury the women of the parish and make death decent for them too. And in the long story "Orestes," in which a young man's life appears likely to suffer shipwreck on a rather Freudian relationship, a solution is found whereby he is restored to normal living; nor does this solution violate probability.

So much for Mr. Rhys Davies's point of view. As I have said, it gets some of its hopefulness from resolutely seeing the individual as other people see him, rather than as he sees himself. But it is buoyant, too, with the author's delightful sense of humour and his affection for human beings as such. He even likes their faults. He does not see the lady in the train as a destroyer (which, perhaps, she was), but as a creator, using her feminine wiles to make men spend on her far more than they could afford, putting money, and feelings, into brisk circulation. Also, he is a sunny companion because he enjoys his art.

"Gangsters" With a Difference. "The Innocents of Paris" is a book about boys, and a very good one. It is not a boys' book, except possibly as a warning to juvenile delinquents. Not that "the Gang" have any settled, criminal propensities; at their tender years, nine to eleven, they hardly could have. But hero-worship and the spirit of adventure are so deeply implanted in them that any enterprise bringing those faculties into play is irresistible to them. With equal zest they make war on the rich children of Parc Monceau and make a crusade on St. Sulpice to set free the Holy Ghost. Besides the common fantasy which directs their collective activities, each has his own fantasy in which he expresses himself.

Lancelot is the acknowledged leader, the glamour-boy of the Gang; Zeezuth (so called because of his lisp) its humblest, least effective member. It is Zeezuth who is caught and taken to the police-station; Zeezuth who gets a glimpse of the seamy side of adult life; Zeezuth who meets the satanic Alexis; Zeezuth who unwittingly betrays his hero. The shadow of Alexis steals across the scene, draining it of sunlight and incidentally (the only thing we can thank him for) giving point, shape, and coherence to the story. What an artist M. Gilbert Cesbron is! How skilfully he moves from episode to episode, keeping the sinister secret up his sleeve, almost making one hold one's breath! Indeed, "The Innocents of Paris" has distinction of a very high order. Miss Waldman's translation is first-rate.

Film-Making and Spy-Hunting. Mr. Bernard Newman may never have visited Hollywood, but when Papa Pontivy undertakes to advise Mr. Fritz Kahn in producing a spy film, the reader feels that he knows how films are made. Care of detail must be the spy's stock-in-trade; it is also this author's special quality and enables him to create a pleasing illusion of authenticity. "The Spy in the Brown Derby" is described as "a comedy thriller," and the comedy is of Hollywood's own peculiar workmanship—lively and swift-moving, never dull but sometimes slapstick.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Horned Pigeon. By George Millar. (*Heinemann; 10s. 6d.*)
The Trip to London. By Rhys Davies. (*Heinemann; 6s.*)
The Innocents of Paris. By Gilbert Cesbron. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
The Spy in the Brown Derby. By Bernard Newman. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

Pin-up Girl: No. 49. Joan Crawford

JOAN CRAWFORD *is the winner of the 1945 Oscar award by the American Academy of Motion Pictures as the best actress of the year for her performance in " Mildred Pierce," a film which has been pictured in " The Sketch " but not yet shown in this country. She began her career by winning dancing contests in the chorus of a Chicago revue and was then engaged by Shubert of New York for musical productions. She then took to the films and worked for M.-G.-M. She is now at Warner Brothers' Studios.*

RENUNCIATION.*

By DANIEL MICH.

THE little bar at the Magnificent was crowded, as usual, but George had saved the tiny Pinehurst room for him. Drummond nodded his appreciation and hauled his bulk past two rows of chattering drinkers. It was a matter of some satisfaction to him that three women stopped drinking as he went by, and one of the three even stopped talking.

Inside the Pinehurst room, he sat and faced himself in the wall mirror. He couldn't blame the women too much. Richard Elliott Drummond was not conceited really, but he knew that the guy in the mirror had his attractions. He was tall, and his shoulders were wide, and his 200 lbs. were well distributed. His dark-brown hair was getting grey around the edges, but there was plenty of vibrance left in his rugged face.

He was smiling at himself in the mirror, when George broke up the vision by appearing with a bottle of Scotch, a bottle of soda and two ice-stacked glasses.

"The young lady will be along?" he asked.

"Yes," said Drummond, "the young lady will be along."

He was a little disturbed by the excess of excitement he could feel in his pulse and the pit of his stomach. This was to be his big scene, and he hoped he wouldn't muff it.

A straight drink was slightly relaxing. So was the highball with which he chased it. He was about to go for a second, when she arrived, heralded by a faint odour of carnations in the doorway. She gave him a gloved right hand and sat down.

"Dick, darling," she said in her best out-of-breath manner, "I 'm so sorry to be late. I had to wait hours for a taxi——"

"No matter," he replied gallantly, "so long as you 're here. Have a drink?"

She looked at the Scotch bottle.

"Richard, for the love of God, do we have to drink that stuff? You know I don't like any Scotch except Black Label. I suppose George has been telling you he can't get anything else?"

He saw the blaze in her black eyes, and was reminded that you hardly ever could tell when it meant something and when it didn't. I wonder, he thought, how many men stopped drinking when she walked through the other room. She really is a dish.

"You have a new hat," he said.

"Oh, Dick, do you like it? Mr. Fred made it for me, especially to go with this dress."

The dress was plain black, obviously expensive, and cut boastfully low in front. Its short sleeves just avoided making contact with her long, black gloves. The hat was mostly a halo of white roses. It made Dick shudder, but he didn't say so.

"Very nice," he said, as he handed her a drink.

"Dick, will you ask George if he has some cigarettes? I 'm getting frightfully low."

George hadn't. Not even Duo-Blends. Not even matches. She was annoyed as she pulled a package of Camels out of her suède bag and lighted one with her own jewelled lighter.

"Darling," she said, "you might remember to buy cigarettes once in a while, even if you don't smoke. You know how difficult it is for me to get them now."

She said it softly and smilingly, but there was a whine behind the smile. Dick smiled back, ignoring the whine.

"I 'll try to remember," he replied, and put his big paw over her suède fingers.

She pulled the hand back, slowly, but with obvious determination.

"Dick, dear," she said, "there 's something I 've got to tell you——" Hesitation. A suggestion of tears in the dark eyes. "Mix me another drink, will you, please, darling?"

He went to the door and signalled George to bring more ice. He made two highballs.

"Yes?" he asked, with deliberate casualness.

She wiped a tear from each eye; she lifted the fresh drink and swallowed an inch of it; she bent towards him, confidentially.

"Dick—oh, darling, I do hope you 'll understand—Tom is back. I saw him last night, and——"

Drummond looked past her into the mirror. He was pleased with the way he stiffened and raised his eyebrows.

"And what?" he asked coldly.

"Richard, don't make it any more difficult than it is," she said. "You know Tom and I are engaged."

"I also know that you and I have been holding hands pretty steadily these last two months, and I thought——"

"Of course, poor darling. You 're in love with me, and I let you be. Honestly, I didn't know he was coming back so soon. I didn't know that he would ever return. But the office ordered him back. He thinks they 're going to put him in charge of the Paris bureau."

"And when he goes to Paris, it will be a honeymoon trip for little Frances?"

"Maybe—oh, I don't know. Dick, aren't you even going to try to understand?"

She seemed genuinely distraught. Her hand trembled as she flicked the lighter for another cigarette.

"He 's coming here to meet you," she said.

"Here? When?"

"In a few minutes. Six o'clock."

Drummond involuntarily eyed his wrist-watch. Five-fifty. Ten minutes more.

"But," he said, "I thought we had a dinner date?"

"We did—but, Dick, I just can't—he 's asked me to meet his mother to-night."

"So-o-o," he replied, with a little whistle. "She 's the Grand Duchess of Greenwich, Connecticut, or something, isn't she?"

Frances tilted her chin, and blew smoke at him.

"She 's very important in society, if that 's what you mean."

"And filthy rich?"

"Oh—I—I suppose so. But really, Dick, it isn't that. He needs me. I didn't realise how much he depends on me. I thought—oh, it doesn't matter what I thought—I can't let him down now."

Drummond savoured a large gulp of Scotch-and-soda, and sat back. He lifted his glass.

"To your happiness, Francie," he said fervently, and the little catch in his voice was just enough to indicate how splendidly he was taking it.

"Well," said a booming male voice from the doorway, "this is a happy little scene! Can I get into the act?"

Drummond choked momentarily on his drink, then rose to shake hands with Tom Cartwright, a brisk, smiling blond of thirty or so, whose pin-stripe tailoring matched the breeziness of his manner.

"Tom," he said, "you look fine. Nobody would suspect that you 've just spent eight months covering the war in the Pacific. How in the hell did you ever induce old Flint Heart to bring you home?"

"I didn't," said Cartwright. "He sent for me. Wants me to go to Europe, I guess."

Frances pouted prettily, and looked up at him.

"You might pay some attention to me," she said.

He kissed her lightly and sat beside her.

"It 's been mighty nice of you, Dick," he said, "to look after Francie while I 've been away. I appreciate it."

Patronising, Drummond thought. He 's always patronising. He was, even with that Marine sergeant who saved his hide.

"Tom," he said, "it 's been a pleasure. I am mighty happy about you two. You deserve each other."

He finished his drink, declined another, and excused himself on a matter of urgent business. On the way out he winked happily at a bewildered George, and walked upstairs to the men's bar.

Frank Terrell was waiting for him with obvious impatience.

"I can see," he said to Drummond, "that everything is all right. You look ten years younger. Now, are you going to take that assignment?"

"My dear Mr. Terrell," said Drummond gaily, "I shall gladly take any assignment you give me. I have just described you as Flint Heart to your fair-haired boy, Cartwright, but you know as well as I do that I didn't mean it—much."

"To hell with that! Are you willing to take the Manila bureau?"

"I am even willing to take Manila, although I understand it will stink of dead Japanese for years to come."

"My God, you must have been in a hurry to get rid of that dame!"

"Listen, Butch," said Drummond. "You are the boss, but we 'll have no more of that kind of talk, even from you. And if anybody—anybody, you understand?—ever finds out that I had anything to do with your bringing Cartwright home, I shall come all the way back from Manila to cut your throat with a bolo knife." [THE END.

All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.

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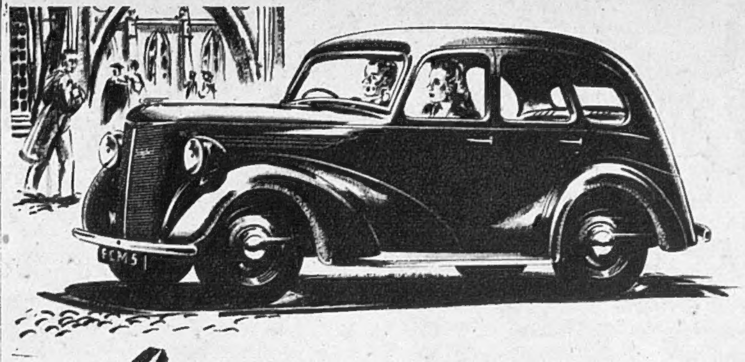

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